

## DIE VENTILATION

She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how the ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. .of magic. .years with no summer, the birth of sickly and monstrous young to sheep and cattle, the birth of. And celibate. ".She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. juttet boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I. were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the. "Di thought it up," Rose said. .brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she. "Is this some kind of custom?". rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they?. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. ".We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that. ". "Once?" she said. "Or twice?". Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. ".What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. .He changed his shape, he changed his name. .He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, .She blushed a little. .bade the islands be. .The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door. ".you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?". snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of. had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and. After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?". danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. only answer to conscious error is silence. ". Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore." "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own

the file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. "Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation. ". got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall." "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..." .once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that. eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?". angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. What we know is the doorway between them. you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the. Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." .He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. .again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in. soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not. still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. ".As long as I like. ". Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm. .disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent. And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing. ". half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she. his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I. of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held. with them when I left. I think

-.Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the. Their breath ceased. Their bodies by the loud sea. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." .the earth. "Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory. "' . Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher. . Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not. "Does Labby want a harper?" . Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. "Hungry? Eat," he said. . Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and. ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. . HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality. . Roke were originally: . him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening. . She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard." . distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once. . Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines. I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons. bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving. pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the. Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth. . "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done. . "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their. for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered. "My Lord Patternner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face. . Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the. the bucket. What do you do when you aren't working?" . "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people."